



SICK

50¢
OCTOBER 1976
CDC 90159



EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH

KING KONG

"I'M MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY FACE"

DUMB ADAMS SCREEN TEST

BAD MOUTH BEARS

PLAY: WELFARE ROLL

CB SICKNESS



DANGER!
DO NOT TAILGATE
EXPLOSIVES

A SICK BUMPER STICKER

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SICK

THE MAGAZINE THAT WAS NUMBER 2... FIRST!

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SICKCERELY YOURS



Dear Editor

I have a problem that I hope you can help me with. It's my boyfriend, Philip. Ever since Philip discovered your magazine on the newsstand, he hasn't paid me much notice. Everytime we're alone together, and just when the mood's right, Phil pops out another issue of SICK!

This is ruining our relationship. What should I do? Even Ann Landers was confused. By the way, I'm not a bad looking girl. My measurements are 38-28-38.

Linda Harper
Philadelphia, Pa.

ED: Listen, why don't you drop that Philip, Phillip, Phil or whatever you call him and contact us! Okay, 38-28-38 ... er, Linda?

SICKIES.

Your humor is so labored, you oughta join a union!

Richie LaCosta
Queens, New York

ED: We tried to join the sanitation men's union, but they wouldn't have us!

Dear Sick People,

Issue 110 was Madly Funny.

Only two more things to say: Why don't you sell SICK at Wa Wa? Keep up the good work and I'll keep getting SICK!

A New Fan
John Erkert
Upper Darby, Pa.

ED: That's three things, John. And we did try to sell SICK at Wa Wa, but they said No Na!

Dear Editor:

I'm on of those quiet ones, too shy to enroll in that Famous Writers course. Nevertheless, I have been writing regularly and wish to be published. I am hoping you may give me a lead as to where to sell my material.

Truly yours,
Dale Essex
Tamal, California

ED: One of our writers, Dale, advises that you try our competitors, LOOK and LIFE MAGAZINES!

Dear Sicks:

I work at a nuclear-

reactor plant in Palo Alto, California, and spend my lunch break reading SICK. Reading SICK can be a worthwhile experience, especially if you work in a nuclear-reactor plant in Palo Alto, California! I mean, I'm not a scientist or anything special. If you want to know the truth, I'm just a janitor. Sometimes, though, I fill in for one of the safety engineers if some one is ill or doesn't show up.

Anyway, we have sort of an "in" joke around here. It goes like this: "What do you have if you swallow uranium?" Ans: "Atomic ache!" Could you do anything with this?

Sid Marshall
Palo Alto, California

Dear Sick Editors:

Being of questionably sound mind, I would like to make the following statement:

1. Your artwork is terrific.
2. Your satire is brilliant.
3. Your audacity is unbelievable.

Dolores E. Goode
Wausau, Wisconsin

ED: What are you talking about, Dolores?

Dear Editor:

Why the heck do you people waste your talent and time with this rag? Why aren't you in Hollywood with the rest of the seven-year olds? I'd rather see SICK than read SICK! What have

you to say about that? Mike Roth
Brunswick, New Jersey

ED: About what?

Dear Sirs:

I am told that "Fig" Newton's last, (and unpublished) law of motion states that

There is no gravity ... the whole world (CENSORED?)

If you can use this bit of dubious wisdom, please feel free to do so.

I enjoy your publication very much. Thanks for making my life a somewhat happier experience!

Sincerely,
Lee Ball
New York City

ED: You're welcome! By the way, we've got one of New York City's biggest fans in this issue—King Kong! Thank you for putting him up for a few nights?

Dear Editor

Me and my friends decided to write you this letter. We are in the hospital, and the doctors and nurses are boring us. We need some excitement. We are sick because we read your magazine.

Would you please call us and tell us that we'll make it?

Signed,
Jim, Gean, Bill, Rick, Steve, Tom, Scott, Chuck, Frank, Rhonda, Judy, Kim, Barb, Dave, Don, Ellen, Fidel,

Harry, Tony, Marcia,
Cindy,
Tammy, Sandy, Sue,
Shirley, Lori, Shelly,
Carl, Red, Bonnie,
Craig, Greg and last
but not least, Wendy
Sullenberger and Robin
Hiltz
Chicago, Illinois

ED: We called, but we
couldn't get through.
Seems we asked for Jim.
Jim said "Hold on,
here's Gene!" Gene said,
"Hold on, here's Bill!"
Bill said, "Hold on,
here's Rich!" Rich said

...

Dear SICK:

'Now that summer is
here, great numbers of
people will be taking off
for vacations. May I pass
on some advice to you
people at the typewriters
and drawing
boards!—Take the rest
of eternity off!

Slow Boil in Boise

ED: Which reminds us
why we didn't become
doctors—we couldn't
take those "eternity
calls!"

...

Dear Editor:

Let me congratulate
your staff on the terrific
magazine they put on. I
think it's a fantastic
book! After I've read one
issue, I just can't wait for
the next one to come out!
Why don't you publish
monthly? Or better yet,
weekly! Even daily!

I don't know how you
do it!

Peter Frost
Mission Beach, California

ED: Neither do we!

...



Campaign Trail '76

The tour also includ-
ed a parade through
downtown Transylva-
nia's torch-lined
streets.

Dracula, Wolfman
and Frankenstein were
invited to the U.S. for
an upcoming Monster
election.

Dracula accepted
the invitation on the
provision that he gets
a tour of the entire
Red Cross blood dona-
tion units throughout
the United States.

This morning, Ford,
Reagan and Carter left
Transylvania with no-
ticeable weight loss,
pale complexion, and
deep hickeys on their
necks...

We found this article in one of those foreign
newspapers, THE TRANSYLVANIAN NIGHTLY:

Campaign Trail '76 Special to the TRAN- SYLVANIAN NIGHTLY

Presidential cam-
paigners Gerald Ford,
Jimmy Carter and Ron-
ald Reagan, took the
campaign trail tonight
to Transylvania, where
they met with Dracula,
Wolfman and Franken-
stein.

The campaigners
toured Transylvania
and were houseguests

of Count Alucard.

Jimmy Carter visit-
ed Dracula's dentist
and had his teeth
checked.

Ford conferred with
Frankenstein on the
Transylvania energy
crisis. Frankenstein
demonstrated his tran-
sistorized neck plugs
to Ford, who got a

charge out of it.

Reagan traded jokes
with the Wolfman and
both shared a howl.

The tour ended with
an extravaganza at
Castle Dracula. Ford,
Carter and Reagan
were present with
their wives, while Dra-
cula, Frankenstein and
Wolfman accompanied
their own ghouls.

One of the more popular television shows is THE DON ADAMS' SCREEN TEST. For every program, an amateur is called down from the audience to recreate a famous film scene with a famous actor. This is usually a funny show... but here's a version you'll never see...

DUMB ADAMS' SCREEN TEST

Written by Jim Simon

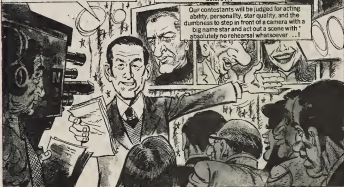
Art by Jerry Grandenetti

Good evening movie fans... well, tonight some one will win that dream of a lifetime—the chance to be in a Hollywood film! Over 1500 people have auditioned to be contestants on our show and 1600 of them are here in our studio audience...

Tonight's contestants have been seen and judged by our casting directors and then by our associate producers, courtesy of Leonard's Motel...

Finalists are the ones considered to be the most promising, although not necessarily as actors...

Our contestants will be judged for acting ability, personality, star quality, and the dumbness to step in front of a camera with a big name star and act out a scene with absolutely no rehearsal whatsoever...



JERRY GRANDENETTI '76

And now... let's meet the man who will select the winner

Tonight's judge is the director of such T.V. movies as HIVES and THE LONELY PACEMAKERS and such T.V. shows as THE MARY TYLER BORE SHOW, THE BOB OLDHEART SHOW... Mr. J.C. Sandwich!!

CLAP! CLAP!

And now... here are the finalists for the first screen test... if your name is called please stand up...

WILLIAM TOBERTSI...
EDWARD BLUESOMB...
JACK OUMBSMORE!

These three finalists will now find out who has been chosen for the role... How would you like to be in the movies...





Ladies and gentlemen,
meet Mister
CLUNK EASEWOOD!!



Good to see you
again, Clunk...

Clunk, I'm gonna show you a clip from
the scene, you'll scream: tonight for
your screen test—



Yes!... Well, er... Clunk...
calm down, now, fellas—

Don't be afraid, kid
he's a pussycat...



Nothing, Clunk...
honest... forget it, buddy
And now the film

... the scene we are
about to see is from
the classic "SOMEBODY
UP THERE LIKES ME"
... the movie about Prize
fighter Rocky Graziano's life,
starring Paul Newman!
I'll be
directing the screen test...!



Great! Super film! I can see by the grin on Clunk Easewood's face that he agrees! Now... are you all set, Edward Bluebomb?

B-B-Bluebomb, sir... er... er...

What's a matter, kid? You look kinda pale... Make up!

Ursula Andress...
Raquel Welch...

Allright, Eddy baby...! This is your big chance
Now here are your scripts... and good luck

Ladies and gentlemen, we are ready for our first screen test... Take your places, and... lights, camera, action...

BOOM!



Great! Curt! Curt! Beautiful!

Listen Ed... that was a great take... just one thing... need more blood... more gore... let Clunk baby mash you couple more times... ya know, bust the teeth, the nose, maybe fracture the jaw... let 'em got to you with a hard right overhand to the head... bleed... scream... all right? ... got it?

... all set now... lights

... camera... action...

THE DREAM

THE REALITY

Art by Dave Matusik

THE DREAM: A Porsche car driver



THE DREAM: A Hollywood Pop Idol Contestant



THE DREAM: A Millionaire



THE DREAM: A Top-notch Actor



THE REALITY: A Taxi driver



THE REALITY: A Convicted Murderer



THE REALITY: A Safe Cracker



THE REALITY: A Street Vendor



THE DREAM: An Artist



THE DREAM: A Master Thief



THE DREAM: An Army Commander



THE DREAM: A Novelist



THE REALITY: A Housepainter



THE REALITY: A Dog



THE REALITY: A Boy Scout Leader



THE REALITY: A Sick Person



The fall television lineup this year promises another revolting season. This is because the guys in the Hollywood offices don't hire the funny guys who write for this mag. Someday they'll get desperate. We'll get a call. Our show will be so sick you'll throw up . . . We plan to call it—

WELFARE ROLL

Written by Jim Simon

Art by Nancy Marcelo

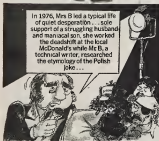
Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we have a really nauseating show . . . Wow, you're a great audience—and we've got a great show tonight!

...as you all know, WELFARE ROLL is concerned with the poor, the maimed, the mentally deprived—all those sick people leading middleclass lives . . .

... And now, on with the show . . .



In 1976, Mrs B led a typical life of quiet desperation . . . sole support of a struggling husband and maniacal son, she worked the deadshift at the local McDonald's while Mr B, a technical writer, researched the etymology of the Polish joke . . .



..... This amazingly boring woman held fast to the dream . . . she dreamed that someday they'd have a third car for their two car garage . . . several pink flamingos on the lawn . . . therapy for little Vincent who collected knives—and threatened to become an artist for Sick Magazine . . .



...a brave woman, Mrs. B struggled, refused help from relatives, too proud to accept charity...

...and then ... Mr. B finished his book, accepted a professorship at Poland State U ... little Vincent sold an obscene painting and moved to Greenwich Village.

Mrs. B became the country's first swine flu victim ...

...another sick middleclass life ... but now this commercial ...



Hi There! You at that age where the kids are grown? Outta the house? Just you and the little woman hangin' on?

Listen, come on down to ART GAWFUL's CARFULLS—and get yourself that new automobile you've always dreamed off! Tell your friends business is really great—you've just signed a two year contract with General Motors ...

But a great deal great car at ART GAWFUL's CARFULLS! Come on down!



And now ... let's meet our First Lady of WELFARE ROLL ... Mrs. Bill!

T'hank you berry much ... T'hank you ...

Mrs. B, you've led a very sick life!

You're not too well yourself, turkey!



You know the rules of our game.

here she goes ...

the dice are thrown ... and ...



Congratulations! Your dice in life finally game up Lucky Seven! You've just won a place on the biggest money-giving craze sweeping the nation!

Your wonderful sick story has swept its way into America's heart! Now you can tell the middle-class—the so-called good life—to kiss off! Tonight, your name—along with millions like you—wins a place on ... **WELFARE ROLL!!!**

Color i.v., new cadillacs ...

My ne'ow in Jersey sed I shud getta tousand dollars for the here show ...

I gotta sweep the nation?

Thank you ... I get a color i.v., maybe ... ?

YEHEHAY!!!
with a flourish



Mrs. B! Lovely! another really sick winner, ladies and gentlemen ... beautiful ...

WEE! HOOORAY! YAHOO!!!

Thank you ...



IF KIDS RAN FOR PRESIDENT

Kid Campaign Letters

To who It may Concerns:

Hello. How are you?

My ~~name~~ ^{name} is WALDO. I would like very much that you vote for me. You want to know what I would do if you vote for me? I'll tell you what I would do: I would make school start in the afternoon only. Then you can sleep late. I think I would let there be school only on rainy days, also. Then you can play baseball & do things that are fun, instead of having to go to dumb school...

Signed, WALDO

HAW HOW...

MUMMY WANTS ME TO EAT CRUMMY FOOD! WITH LITTLE GREEN THINGS ALL SOGGY AND OOWIEE! YEECH! IF I WERE ~~THESE~~ PRESIDENT I WOULD MAKE MUMMY SERVE ME ONLY GOOD STUFF: WIRE CAKE 'N SODA 'N CANDY!!

ALSO, I WANNA EVERYBODY TO VOTE FOR ME! WHY? BECAUSE! IF I'M NOT PRESIDENT, I'LL HOLD MY BREATH 'TILL I TURN BLUE!

Signed,

PATZY



DEAR PEOPLE:

MY NAME IS REGGIE. MY DADDY OWNS THE BIGGEST HOUSE IN TOWN. WE ARE VERY, VERY RICH. WE JUST BOUGHT A NEW CADILLAC. I BET MY ALLOWANCE IS MORE THAN YOURS. I HAVE MY OWN TEN SPEED BICYCLE. DADDY HAS PLENTY OF MONEY TO BUY ME WHATEVER I WANT. I WILL BUY YOUR VOTE.

HOW MUCH?

Signed,
Reggie

My fellow Citizens:

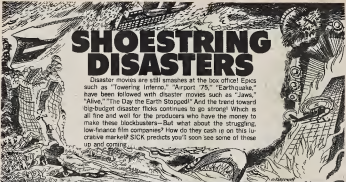
George Washington, the father of this great country, once told a lie. A simple lie, but a lie nevertheless. AND PRESIDENT WASHINGTON wasn't punished for cutting down his father's cherry tree.

Why, you might ask. Because George held the axe in his hand when he admitted the lie to his father. ~~He~~ think I'll buy my self an axe...

Signed,

Tricky Rick





SHOESTRING DISASTERS

Disaster movies are still smashes at the box office! Epics such as "Towering Inferno," "Airport '75," "Earthquake," have been followed with disaster movies such as "Jaws," "Alive," "The Day the Earth Stopped!" And the trend toward big-budget disaster flicks continues to go strong! Which is all fine and well for the producers who have the money to make these blockbusters—But what about the struggling, low-budget film companies? How do they cash in on this lucrative market? **SICK** predicts you'll soon see some of these up and coming...

Written by Bill Majeski

Art by Jerry Grandenetti

BRING ME THE PASSENGER LIST!

Described by associates as the type of guy who would bring noisemakers and funny hats to the Dinner Party, producer Rance Gusts created a who-shall-survive film about the crash of a Piper Cub, leaving 34 tourist passengers stranded atop Mt. Rushmore. Details of the story line weren't available, but it can be noted that screen credits will be given to Acme Castlere Company, Tidy-Clone Paper Napkins and Sweet Breath After-Dinner Mints.





SHAKE

"We can't afford a real earthquake," said producer Al Shuman, "but we've got a doozy of a tremor caused by 75 elephants who leap en masse off a brick wall after seeing a mouse. This will rattle the crockery right off your shelves. We don't have the budget to wire seats, but we've hired a batch of alcoholic rednecks with morning-after shakes to sit on patrons' laps during the climactic scenes. Preview cards show 80 per cent favorable responses, 14 engagement announcements and two quick marriages."



BUGS YOU BET

A sympathetic look at our crawling friends describes how they contaminate a salt water taffy factory and eat the Atlantic City boardwalk. Big scene occurs when they overpower a wax replica of John Wayne, float him into the Delaware River and use him to ferry their troops to their target. Itching powder in the popcorn and on the towels in the lavatories put the audience in the proper mood.



BURIED ALIVE AT FIRE ISLAND

A sudden sandstorm whips up and buries a batch of merry belchers up to their necks in sand. Played against a sprightly musical score, vivid flashbacks tell the sordid tales of the trapped individuals who describe their falls from grace and the societal rejection which led to their banishment to Fire Island. Audience involvement: A team of dancing ditchdiggers come in from time to time and toss wet sand down the backs of the theater audiences.



LIPS

A demonic man-nibbling guppy creates havoc as it terrorizes a New England seaside resort at the height of the tourist season.



For audience participation, Faarner Studios will have a team of unarmed ushers who will kiss viewers lightly, simulating guppy bites, corresponding to the action on the screen.



THE STRIKE CONTINUES TO GROW... AND SO DOES THE GARBAGE



**FINALLY—THE ULTIMATE DISASTER PICTURE—
ALL DONE ON A VERY LOW BUDGET . . .
THE TITLE: NEW YORK CITY.**



It is a trade custom for authors to appear at book stores where they autograph their books for buyers, and answer questions in an effort to get on the best seller lists. Our reporter was present at one of these boring sessions, and heard the following conversation...

Autograph party

Sir, did it take long to write this book?

About five years—Three years research and two years of complete isolation.

That's what I call dedication!

That's called the Vice Presidency.

Former President Nixon said your book is brooding, clever, and filled with tragic irony.

The
Casual
Confusion
of
Spiro T.
Agnew

Murphy

Who could believe him?

How do you explain Macgruder and Eyricksmen also writing novels?

THEY WENT TO AUTOGRAF MY COPY, SIR.

All our lives we had just one ambition to become novelists. We only did the White House sthick for background...

Do you think a novelist has to be a born writer?

Yes. It helps to be born.

Recently as a guest on MEET THE PRESS you refused to discuss your involvement with Watergate... Did former President Nixon order you to keep your mouth shut?

No. My publisher did.

Your publisher...?

I'm writing my memoirs... He's afraid I'll blow the plot!

WHERE'S THE PARTY, **KONG!**

TURN TO PAGE **30!**



CB Sickness

More than 5 million people are into CB radio. After this article, 3 or 4 illiterates will be into it!!! with apologies to the FCC



You'll need to know CB words and phrases...

Breaker, breaker, good buddy!

This here's
Bear in the Air,
Runny Nose, Beaver Pie,
Moose on the Loose,
First Mamma, Big Diddy,
Bubble Head,
Pot Belly,

Rubber Duckie
to all ya good
buddies out there...

Study the meanings of words that make veteran CBers sound so dumb!

Written by Jim Simon

Art by Dave Malnak

You'll also have to know current FCC regulations...



Heck! No one's gonna pay attention to any rules—
so let's forget about this section!

Many CBers keep logs of contacts, handles,
channels, dates, call letters, and other
"conversations"



These people are probably in the blackmail
business!

Some folks get into CB because they have a friend who's already in it...



"It's often being 2-4 years behind bars for broadcasting in blue language!!

The first time on the air, talk to some one you don't know...



That way, friends won't laugh at how dumb you sound.

You might rehearse off the air a few times...



The bottom of a filled swimming pool is a good place for that!

The first time on the air, it's easy to get tongue-tied...



Therefore, keep your tongue inside your mouth—and your mouth shut!!

LET'S ASSUME YOU ARE A STRANGER IN A NEW TOWN AND HAVE NEVER MADE A CB CONTACT BEFORE.

The first step is to listen for a CB party...



Then get yourself over there, quickly!!



YOUR FIRST ON-THE-AIR MIGHT GO LIKE THIS:

Break,
channel 15



Wait until you make a
contact. Then say:

How about you,
Lovely Lady?



The response from the other party might be
something like this:

Who ya calling
Lovely Lady, ya no
good burt! My name's
Wayne! John Wayne!
I'll bust ya in
the mouth!



AT SOME POINT, A SEXY VOICE MIGHT COME OVER YOUR CB.

Hi there, good buddy!
This here is 36-26-36!
I'd like to modulate
a while with you!



At this point, we recommend you take a cold
shower!!!



NOTE: Someday you might want to be President.
Some one once said CB is how Richard Nixon
started.



After this SICK article on **How to CB**, you should
be in the swing ...



Manny, swinging from a tree while an outraged
crowd furiously smashes your CB to pieces!!!!



1974 1975 1976



1977
1978
1979



1980
1981
1982



1983
1984
1985



1986
1987
1988



1989
1990
1991



1992
1993
1994



1995
1996
1997



1998
1999
2000

Sick CB

FATHERS & MOTHERS

By David Mendel

He's a parent a few words



but they will never tell you
you're them

He imagines the house



and when he's driving his
TV dreams

He has a wall for each day in
the week



He's a father is waiting

She can spend hours on the
phone



with 1 to 100 percent

She likes to write



books, letters and more
things

She can bring a secret



for about ten minutes

He runs things around his
house



He runs things around his
house

He runs the house in the
house



He runs the house in the
house

A good mother's job



A good mother's job

She is a good mother



She is a good mother

She can do it all



She can do it all

After all, they make an ideal
mother



After all, they make an ideal
mother

Good news, movie fans... King Kong is making a comeback! At this very moment, two film companies are busy shooting in Hollywood... And as soon as the cameras arrive, they'll start filming. As far as we know it's going to be the same old movie, except instead of King Kong climbing the Empire State Building, he'll climb New York's World Trade Towers! It's our guess they'll

use the old King Kong, too—a new hairpiece, some pancake makeup, we'll never know the difference! No matter how you feel about King Kong, you've got to admit he's a star... a very big star... and he deserves star treatment... like a fan magazine of his very own... We'll call it—

KONG



WRITER JIM SIMON

How do you bug King Kong?
You hide a transmitter in his ear!

Why doesn't King Kong play basketball?
He can't find a pair of sneakers his size!

Why does King Kong get heartburn?
He has a rough time digesting the forks and spoons he swallowed!

What goes BAM BAM BAM every March 30th?
King Kong in an Easter bunny suit hopping across the front lawn!

Who's the world's most feared coward?
King Kong the Hairy Chicken!

Name a famous bald gorilla?
Kojack!



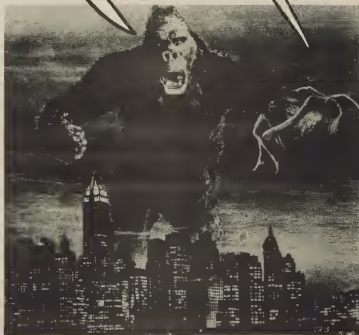
What makes King Kong run?
Prune juice!

What does King Kong live in fear
of?
Baldness!

What do you call a King Kong
with weak wrists?
Queen Kong!

King Kong couldn't get a girl-
friend because he didn't know
how to do the monkey!

Why did King Kong jump off the
Manhattan Bridge?
He wanted to go swimming!





I was a country ape at heart... couldn't take the New York City nightlife!

BOOK REVIEW —



Special: Excerpts from King Kong's Stand Up Comedy Act!

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF KING KONG



I first met Fay in Africa. Her parents were very rich and sent her there to summer camp... I was a counselor. Tree climbing, chest pounding... I guess you could say I was a nature specialist...



It was fair-to-hearts love at first sight... Fay's first sight of me, she fainted...



Fall came... the leaves turned brown... It was time to say goodbye... I tried... I just couldn't say it... couple of grunts, that was about all I could manage.

Fay said, "Come to America"... She said, "the streets there are paved with gold"... "Sure," I answered, "but are there bananas?"



I went . . . We crossed the ocean . . . Came to New York . . . True enough, the streets were paved . . . but not with gold . . .



At first, times were rough . . . Fay and I got an act up and landed a job playing piano . . . It was a great act . . . Played "Beautiful Dreamer" as the piano was lifted into the air . . . The audience went wild when they saw Fay lifting the piano . . .



But I got tired of the act . . . Couldn't take the strain of hitting those keys, night after night . . . Fay got upset . . . She accused me of no ambition . . . Said I'd never make it to the top . . .

That evening I climbed the Empire State Building . . . It had a lousy view . . .



Although I had Fay in the palm of my PAW, I knew I had to let her go . . . It meant the end of the act . . . the end of our love . . .

People think it was the airplanes that killed me . . . Actually, it was the air pollution . . .

Also love . . . I guess you could say I just fell for Fay . . .

SCRAPBOOK OF SUMMER CAMP PHOTOS

Art by Dick Ayers



There is counselor Farkin. My friend Ronald asks to borrow Farkin's matches. Farkin wants to know why. Ronald tells him about Billy Billy, swallowed the corn before we could pop it. We have to light a fire under Billy.



This is me. I am crying because Farkin tells me to stop. I am crying because Billy Dumbbell broke my telescope. Farkin says he'll go to Billy. Mr. M. Fritz can't tell right now. I broke my telescope over Billy Dumbbell's head!



This is Ronald again. He can't play Indians and cowboys. He has lost all his arrows. They're all stuck in counselor Franklin's rifle. Last five bullets.



Here is Leroy. We're at a camp meeting. Leroy asks counselor Franklin a question. Counselor Franklin is getting tired of Leroy's questions. Leroy wants to know what number he is to take home if Franklin is eaten by a bear.



Counselor Franklin is yelling. He is smiling because he is happy. Why is counselor Franklin happy? He is happy because he stopped Leroy from hitting him. Inside counselor Franklin punched Leroy in the face and knocked out all his teeth!



This is a camel. It belongs to a boy in my camp. I don't give a hoot if the camel name is taken. I'd better get it. I got with my sandbag.



That girl in the white dress is the camp nurse. She's got spy-glasses. Franklin likes to play spy-glasses with her. He likes to bite her in the neck, too!



This is the pond. The pond is very deep. You can't see Ronald, but he's asking. Counselor Franklin is saying can you go swimming with us. Counselor Franklin says swimming has both legs in a cell. That's great -- we need an anchor!



Here are two dumb-looking people. They are Walker's parents. They can't help that. It's too late now. They're not happy. Counselor Franklin is talking to them. Walker tells them Walker didn't get an inferiority complex -- he is inferior!

The man in the old suit and the new watchful shade is Boston. Boston is our national director. He likes old things. He is old. The wife is old.





Boris Ronald again. Faulkin calls Ronald a juvenile delinquent. Ronald will show Faulkin what he really is. Now it's too busy. He has to clump but switchblade!

The skinner thing with the dead bird lying on top of it is the fountain. The water fountain is used for everything but drinking from.



Counselor Faulkin holds Ronald by the collar, nearby Faulkin wants to know if Ronald was spitting into the fountain. Ronald says no, but each time he's getting closer!



The man with the yellow skin is Boris. I told you about him before. He's old. He's not oriental. He's standing in the sunlight Boris is mad. Some one snatched the alcohol from the officers. You no one knows what happened to the stuff (the) stuff!



See you later!

The thing that looks like a bird's nest with an egg in it is the top of Boris Dumbshell's head. Boris still has a penny slot on his face. He has said that look since he broke my telescope. I think I'll forgive him. Boris is not too bright. Yesterday he told Faulkin that he ate all the raisins off the flypaper!



Last week Grandma visited. She reminds me of one of those things in Boris's face. She reminds me of Boris. But must have been a long generation.



I like Mrs. John. Ronald's mother. The camp nurse tells Mrs. John that Ronald needs therapy. Mrs. John asks why the camp nurse tells about the time Ronald tied himself to the railroad track for two days. Mrs. John is outraged. She tells Ronald a lot like that is worth it and a duck. Ronald says he would like to see a duck. Ronald says he would like to see a duck.



Hey! This is me! I'm looking just I'm standing in counselor Faulkin's doorway. Counselor Faulkin is smiling. Why? I tell him I fell into the camp and almost drowned. Counselor Faulkin snaps his fingers and says something to his talking. I think he is upset. He says to make sure I wipe my feet before entering his shoe.

Counselor Faulkin shakes a lot. His shirt is ripped. I think he ate something.



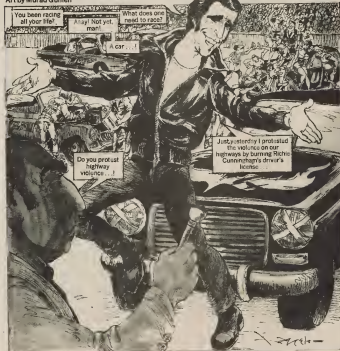
Camp nurse has something. She had to go home last week to have it. Camp nurse doesn't know as much as she thought. I think what she has is four those bites on her neck. Well tomorrow I go home. Ronald gets home next year. Tomorrow Ronald goes to jail. Fuck Ronald.

Okay you nerds and drips out there! We thought it was about time we ran a piece on that '50's superstar of the '70's—THE FONZE! For this trash, we sent out that super reporter, who looks amazingly like Howard Cosell...

DA MOUTH INTERVIEWS DA FONZ — — —

H-E-E-E-Y!

Art by Murad Gumen





Investigative journalism's finest performance has come to light in this first rate reporter-thriller. Inspired by the exploits of WASHINGTON POST newspapermen Bernstein (DUSTIN HOFFMAN) and Woodward (ROBERT REDFORD), the film is a commercial and critical success! And now SICK unleashes its own investigative reporter, John Reiner (JOHN REINER), whose latest capitol offense is this lampoon of...

By John Reiner

We start off our story when Redford meets Executive Editor Ben Broccoli

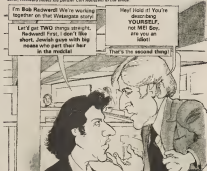


ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MENACE

Soon, Redward entered the Watergate quest



Later, Redward meets his partner Carl McGowan in the office



Desperate for help, Redward calls an informant



They finally meet in a dark, deserted downtown garage



Neilson comes to the rescue

Boy! Where did you get that list of re-election committee members?

From Kay at the office! She's having an affair with a guy from the committee!

Really? Tell her I know a good caterer!



But getting information is not as easy as Neilson thought

Look, I know you've been told not to talk, so how about some clues?

Alright! Just clues!

Now, tell me! Does the man who supervised the paper shredding have the initial "H"?

Uh, I'll have to give you a no! One down, nine to go!

Was the initial an "R"?

No! Two down, eight to go!

Was the initial a "T"?

I'm going to flip all the cards and tell you the initial is an "M"!



Magnuson gets in the car. (Next is the car)

I did it! I found out that Magnuson was involved in that. And the bookkeeper could sense inside, deep down, that something was wrong!

What made her think that?

His nervous attitude for one, his reluctance to speak and the fact that he had an A & P shopping bag over his head!



How do you know he wasn't going to make love to his WIFE?

Look, man! If I go to sleep and there's no snow on the ground, then when I wake up and there is, I can say that it snowed!

Yes, but if I see the ground dry and later, see it wet, can I say it rained?

Yeah! And if I see a piece of wood and later see it in two pieces, I can say it was cut!

And if I chucked you out the car doing 85, can I have your stereo?



Neilson is becoming involved. (Shouldn't you be if you were in that film?)

I need your help. Pictures of Gordon Galt!

That's DEEP THROAT, you clown!

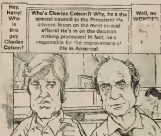
Sorry! Only clues!

LOOK, I'M TIRED OF YOUR CLUES! WHY CAN'T YOU GIVE ME ANY INFORMATION? YOU SCARED?

I'm not thinking of myself! I'm thinking of FUTURE INFORMANTS!

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Out back at the office



Later, at Redward's apartment...

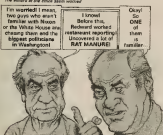


There! That ought to do it!

At Redward talks with his informant...



The editors at the office seem worried



At a board meeting later that day...



Ben Bruesch is making things difficult

I can't print this story without some sort of confirmation! I want to be in the news! I want to be in the news!

Here's your damn confirmation!

Listen, kid, I told you this was the real newspaper world! We're not out to report the news! We're trying to sell newspapers! So if there's no confirmation, we're gonna run that photo of that fellow crushed to death in the trash compactor!



But when Wolfson tries to get a confirmation from a source

If Wolfson is involved, hang up / then I can't tell!

No, if I'm involved, hang up / then I can't tell!

No, if I'm involved, hang up / then I can't tell!

No, if I'm involved, hang up / then I can't tell!

No, if I'm involved, hang up / then I can't tell!

No, if I'm involved, hang up / then I can't tell!

No, if I'm involved, hang up / then I can't tell!



The house is bugged! Wolfson must TYPE his message!

Bored Housewife: uh, DEEP THROAT says our lives are in danger. House bugged - no escape - we must seek out the help of a power greater than ours.



Our boys go and wake up Ben Bruesch!

Ben, we just heard from Bello's Night Out!

You mean DEEP THROAT!

Whatever! Anyway, he says our lives are in danger! At any moment, we might be spotted and even killed on the spot!

AND YOU MORONS BRING ME OUT ON MY FRONT LAWN! AND IN MY PJAMMES! REMIND ME TO HAVE YOU TWO FIRED!



Finally, some satisfaction

Well, Carl! We've uncovered the greatest story of all time and are responsible for unmasking the evil doers of the most powerful men in the world!

Yes! And the investigation will continue! In death studies will ensue! More information will come out! People will soon know the whole truth! And do you know what that means?



WE'LL HAVE THE MAKINGS OF A DYNAMITE SEQUEL!



This movie is a slapstick look at born losers! It's a joyful romp you can take the whole family to see—all but the adults, who might be offended by the locker room language of the...

BAD MOUTH BEARS

Written by Jim Simon



The "Bad Mouth Bears" is not a movie about bears who suffer from offending halitosis! Nor is it a movie about bears with dental problems! The "Bad Mouth Bears" is a story about a group of misfit boys and girls and their rummy coach, Morris Buttermaker! The movie opens with Morris Buttermaker (WALTER MATTHAU) sitting in his beat-up '64 Cadillac convertible, sipping beer...beer. He is still swilling the brew as dawn rises above the North Valley ballfield... So does the foam in Buttermaker's glass!

A former pitcher with the San Francisco Giant's AAA farm team, Buttermaker is now pour-

ing pitchers for the AA drinking team! He claims to have once struck out Ted Williams twice in a spring training game. It was the highlight of a career that came to an end with a contract dispute—Mainly, Ted Williams' fan club got upset with Buttermaker and put out a contract on him!

Now a loner, and trying to keep his head above water, Buttermaker works as a pool maintenance man. One of his favorite pools is Dean Martin's!

"The water is so clear," Buttermaker once told Dino, "I don't believe it!"

"Believe it," said Dino, "I've got 90 Proof!"

Councilman Bob Whitewood (BEN PIAZZA) discovers Buttermaker's baseball past. He coerces Buttermaker into coaching his son's team of goof-offs, the Bears for a season of sandlot ball.

Buttermaker kicks the sand. "That's a lot to ask," he says. But Councilmen White won't have it any other way and threatens that Buttermaker had better play ball, or else!

Buttermaker is faced with the problem of transforming the group of juvenile bufoons into an adept performing unit. But after the first practice, the team's future looks dim! No one gets a hit except Buttermaker—who hits

the bottle! Eventually, Buttermaker threatens to give up. Councilman White thinks of some way to handle the situation. Luckily, being in politics, the Councilman comes up with an idea—he ships Buttermaker some under-the-table payoffs!

The opening game matches the Bears against the league champs, the Yankees. Lacking in both baseball skill and natural coordination, the Bears fumble about the field. Finally, the game is called due to the score—26 to 0 in favor of the Yankees after the first half inning!

"We were just getting started!" the Bears protest.

The disheartened Bears are soon ready to call it quits. "The Quits" is an awful name for a ball club, Buttermaker shouts. Even Councilman Whitewood, embarrassed from the trouncing, wants to disband the Bears. Everyone agrees except Buttermaker, whose competitive spirit is suddenly stirred up with a swizzle stick!

Buttermaker knows his team is in desperate need of a pitcher. He remembers a former girlfriend. She has a daughter whom Buttermaker personally taught the secrets of how to pitch spitballs, greaseballs and breakers. He visits the former girlfriend and propositions the daughter, Amanda (TATUM O'NEAL), to join the team. Amanda promptly

calls Buttermaker a "greaseball", and spits all over him. He threatens to break her in two unless she stops!

Now that the Bears have an ace pitcher, all they need is an ace hitter. Ace hitter comes in the form of Kelly Lusk (JACKIE EARLE HALEY), a cheap imitation of Fonzil. Since the beginning of the season, Kelly could be seen daily riding around the field on his motorcycle, a crash helmet on his head, cigarette lighter in either hand.

"Hey, hood!" Buttermaker one day says. "What's the name of that motorcycle?"

"It's a Harley-Davidson," sneers back Kelly. "But I call it a Harley, cause it harly ever starts!"

To which Buttermaker tells Kelly to go flick his bid!

As the season progresses, Kelly hits with a vengeance and Amanda throws incredibly hard! By the end of the season Buttermaker is black and blue all over! Somehow the team ends up in second place. They are now scheduled to meet the Yankees for the title!

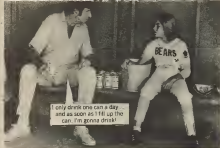
Unfortunately, two things threaten the team's chance of winning the title. One of them is the fact that Buttermaker has secretly instructed his star player, Kelly, to hog the ball—a move which has the rest of the players snorting mad! Secondly, Amanda plots to rekindle the



flame of romance between her mother and Buttermaker. When Amanda pushes too hard, Buttermaker pops his Shnitz and explodes!

There is friction in the air, but everyone shows up for the big game. The Bears muddle through the innings, playing like the shell





of the team they really are. In fact, the Bad Mouth Bears are so out of character, they even start using five-letter words!

All looks flat for the Bears, especially when Amanda catches a Yankee hit on her chest! "Next time use your glove, dummy!" someone shouts. Now Buttermaker wants to win so badly that he starts pushing, shoving, and yelling at his team to beat those darn Yankees. Then he gets upset! To calm down, he goes into the locker room to throw pin darts at a picture of Leo Durocher!

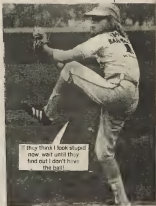
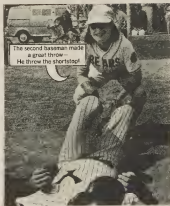
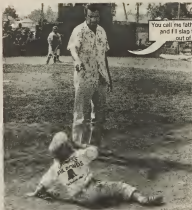
Meanwhile, bad times brew between Yankee pitcher Joey and Engelberg (GARY LEE CAVAGNARO). Engelberg, besides gaining weight, is gaining status as one of the Bear's better hitters. Joey throws the ball at Engelberg's head. This upsets Engelberg, who shouts at Joey, "My father can beat up your father!"

"So what?" answers Joey. "So can my mother!"

This upsets Joey's father, who rushes onto the field and slaps his son silly!

On the next play, Joey throws a pitch which is grounded right back to him. To get revenge at his father for slapping him, Joey holds the ball. Meanwhile, the Bears score! The Yankees maul Joey, trying to get the ball out of his glove, but too late! After finally dropping the ball at his astonished father's feet, Joey limps off the field.







I think you have
a home run!

I think I have
a broken arm!

Anyway, the Bears come back to tie the game 3 to 3. In the final inning, Amanda tires, Rudi pitches relief, and the Yankees take the lead 7 to 3. At this point, Buttermaker starts to strangle several of his players!

The last inning. Two out and bases loaded! Kelly pokes an outside pitch down the rightfield line! Suddenly Ogihne scores!

Kelly drives for second... Ahmad scores! Kelly heads for third... Miguel scores!... Kelly digs for home... digs... digs... is all set to score except for one small detail—the Yankee

catcher is waiting for him with the ball, and the game is over!
Final score:

Yankees: 7

Bears: 6

In the locker room after the game, the Bears sit around dejectedly as Buttermaker hands out beer... er... beer. Coach Turner brings in some Yankees who apologize for their taunts and congratulate the Bears for their valiant effort!

Timmy Lupus stands up for the Bad Mouth Bears and shouts "WAIT UNTIL OUR NEXT !%%#! YEAR!!!", then promptly crashes to the floor!

Yes, I can see it now—
another four-letter word!



H-E-Y!

DON'T CALL A DOCTOR... GET



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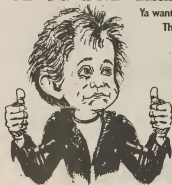
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